

A TRIP INTO AFFLUENCE

(Continued from Page 3.)

sently she sat up alert, trying to lose a word. When Miss Anderson went away, Nervy, bidding Timmy stay where he was, followed her. Presently she came back, her eyes big with excitement.

"Timmy Ryan, come with me this minute!" she said. "Don't stop to ask questions, just come!"

"Be the cops after us," asked Timmy, whose greatest fear in life was that a cop might some day swoop down on him and bear him away to unthinkable terrors.

"Cops nothin'," said Nervy, hurrying Timmy out of the store and into the street. "This is the grandest store ever was. It's a store where you can bring any of thing an' sell it an' have the money, an' you don't have to buy it back an' pay more'n you got for it, like you do at the Three Ball Shop. I heard Miss Crinkle Hair talkin' an' I went straight an' asked her, an' she said yes, it was a store purpose to sell of things, an' anybody could bring 'em—I asked her that, too—an' we'll go right off an' see what of things we can find, an' sell 'em fore folks spend all their money."

A diligent search through the two rooms Nervy called home failed to reveal anything which the girl dared to take.

"There ain't a thing but that motter," she said, pointing to a dilapidated worsted motto that hung on the wall. "A woman Granny washes for gin it to her, an' she gin it to me."

"It looks awful old," said Timmy.

"S'pose and one 'd want to buy it?"

"Folks with money is allus buyin' things they don't want," said Nervy, detaching the motto from the wall.

"It says 'What is home without a moth—? Moths is things that eats your clothes when you ain't wearin' 'em, but we wear all we've got, so we don't need this motter. Now, let's go to your house an' see what you've got. We'll divide even."

Timmy's father—his mother was dead—kept a miserable little saloon, the resort of the roughest type of men, but, to his credit, his son Timmy was never allowed to step inside. He was in a captious mood that morning, and bade the children begone and not step a foot on the premises till he called Timmy to his supper, so they hastily retreated. Nervy's Almaschar visions of speedy wealth rudely demolished.

It was the afternoon of the fifth day of the sale. Each day the children had frequented the store, and now, as the two slipped into the little smugery of the dry goods boxes, Timmy said:

"My ain't it grand to have a place to get warm every day? We can come here all winter, can't we, Nervy?"

"Well, we can't then," said Nervy. "I heard Miss Crinkly Hair say they was goin' to sell everything tomorrow an' close up. Timmy Ryan, we must find somethin' to sell. What's in that ol' shed back of your pa's s'loon?"

"Jest sticks an' things to burn," said Timmy.

"They might be somethin' else. Let's go look. It's our last chance to get money."

Attended by the faithful Timmy, who ever followed where she led, Nervy hastened to the shed, and after a turning and tumbling of the broken boxes, barrels and boards which it contained, dragged from the farthest corner, where it had probably been undisturbed for years, an old box. Prying it open, a lot of musty damp papers were exposed to view, and, throwing them out, Nervy pulled from the bottom half a dozen mouldy old books. Just then Timmy's father came out of the rear door of the saloon, demanding to know what the children were doing, and, being shown the find of books, told them to take them and "light out" or he'd put Timmy in bed.

Nervy stood not on the order of her going, but, gathering the books in her dress, hurried away, Timmy, who still carried the redoubtable Nibbles as a warm blanket, scurrying after.

"I'll get the motter," said Nervy when they were at a safe distance, "an' we'll put 'em on that table with them other of books. Nobody ain't bought any yet, but Miss Crinkle Hair said sure everything would be sold tomorrow, an' she meant books, too. Mebbe we'll get a lot of money."

The old books which were donated for the sale had been placed on a table near where Nervy and Timmy had found stowage, but, not being a popular commodity in that locality, no purchasers had yet appeared. Nervy cleared a space for her books and invited a waiter for a possible customer. Timmy, in the friendly shelter of the dry goods boxes, was quietly dozing, when a dog that had followed its master into the store poked his nose into Timmy's retreat and spying the kitten made a spring at her. The kitten flew about the store, seeking a place of safe-

ty, and in an instant the place was in an uproar. Fortunately, the door was ajar, and Nibbles dashed through it, with the dog, Timmy and Nervy close behind. A telegraph pole around the corner proved a haven for poor Nibbles, but though the ascent, with fear as an incentive, had been easy, she could not be induced to descend.

Nervy, mindful of her financial venture, presently left Timmy on watch and ran to the store, but before many minutes she was back again, her eyes sparkling, her cheeks glowing.

"Timmy Ryan! Timmy Ryan!" she exclaimed. "Our books and our motter is sold. We want there to take the money, an' they left it right on the table. They wasn't no more books gone, so the money's all ours," and, opening her hand, she exhibited a small roll of bills held by a rubber band. "My! Timmy Ryan, we're rich as that ol' Jew that keeps the Three Ball Shop, an' quick as we get Nibbles we'll go and git two pulls o' coal, an' I'll have a fire fore Gran gets home an' stops me."

But getting Nibbles was easier said than done. She clung desperately to her perch, from which no amount of coaxing nor scolding could induce her to move, and the children would not leave the kitten. As the short winter afternoon waned it grew colder and colder. Nervy tried to beguile the minutes with tales of the pleasure their sudden wealth held in store for them, but by the time night had fairly fallen Timmy was crying dismally and the frightened kitten was mewling piteously. Nervy for once was at her wits end, when suddenly a carriage came dashing down the street. It stopped opposite the children, the door opened, and a large man, clad in a fur-lined top coat, stepped out hastily and, grasping a lamp-lighter just then passing on his belated round, gave a command and pointed upward. In a twinkling the agile climber had set his ladder against the pole, mounted to the crosspiece, and was down with a black squirming object which he dropped in the boy's arms. The big man bundled the two children into the carriage, got in after them, and the vehicle vanished around the corner.

The doors of the rummage sale had closed for the day, but it was not the report of unusual sales that had caused the workers to cluster round Miss Melton, who was talking rapidly.

"Yes," she was saying, "I had just counted out a hundred dollars and put a rubber band around the roll, when that horrid cat sprang on my desk, and I jumped up and ran to the back of the store. No, Mr. Bradley, I did not drop the money. I remember distinctly having it in my hand, I was not frightened but a minute, for the cat and dog ran outdoors. Then on the book table I saw that motto with some of the letters gone. Miss Anderson saw it, too, and we were laughing at it when Mr. Bradley came up and said, 'What a find!' and grabbed up some old books and went away with them. Why, of course I know you did not take the money, Mr. Bradley, I had it then. The lace of my sleeve caught on the frame to the motto, and to get it loose I laid the money on the table, and just then Miss Emory called me, and I never thought of the money again till the store was closed and we began to count the cash. There hasn't been a thing sold off that table yet, and Miss Anderson has been in that part of the store all the afternoon. I am sure she can tell, if she wishes, where that money is."

"Why, Miss Melton!" said Miss Emory. "She has no more idea where that money is than I have."

"No, certainly not," said Mr. Bradley, stepping to the side of Miss Anderson, who stood pale and trembling, not knowing what to say or do. "She knows nothing about it, and you—"

"For that matter," interrupted Miss Melton, "who knows anything about Miss Anderson? Where did she come from, and who are her friends? When a person—"

But just then there was a loud and persistent knocking at the door. Mr. Bradley, glad of a diversion hastened to open it, and ushered in that most beloved and honored of men, good Bishop Humphrey. He was not alone, for by one hand he held the frightened Nervy and by the other silvering Timmy Ryan.

"Yes, here I am," said the Bishop, smiling into the astonished faces turned toward him. "Just home from Europe, and looked out of the rubbish sale of my favorite parish. Yes, and more; while you were counting your gains, these two children were freckling to death at your very door. Here, young man!" turning to Herbert Bradley, "fulfill the Scripture, and see that these children are warmed and fed, while I, why, why, Elsa Anderson, my dear god-child! Where did you come from? There, there, you blessed child—are you so glad to see me you are shedding tears of joy?" for Miss Anderson had rushed into the arms of the Bishop and was sobbing like a child.

The children, who had thought themselves in the clutches of some gigantic policeman, now thinking themselves unobserved, turned to make their escape, but Mr. Bradley intercepted them and hurried them to a radiator.

"There, youngsters, lay your cold hands on that and get them warm. Nobody will hurt you."

AS NERVY obeyed his behest something fell from her stiffened fingers. Mr. Bradley picked it up. It was a roll of bills held by a rubber band. He gave a low whistle, but handed the money to Nervy, then, led on by skillful questioning, Nervy, who found in him a sympathetic listener, told the whole story, finishing with the avowal that the first thing she was going to buy was enough coal to keep her warm a whole day.

Miss Melton was just, if she was not generous, and when Mr. Bradley had taken her and Miss Emory one side and told the story, she took the money and walked swiftly to Miss Anderson.

"Look," said she, "the money is found. It is all a mistake, and I'm sorry for what I said. Mr. Bradley will tell you about it."

Mr. Bradley had the happy gift of adorning a tale in its telling, so Nervy's story lost nothing in his recapitulation, and when he had finished even the Bishop's eyes were moist.

Miss Emory was the first to speak. "We'll fit these children out with warm garments here and now, and, Mr. Bradley, write an order on Parker for half a ton of coal for Granny Johns. This child shall be warm once."

Mr. Bradley explained to Nervy's entire satisfaction the mistake about the sale, and made generous payment for the old books, one of which was a copy of the first edition of Rasselas. She and Timmy departed in peace, clothed as well as warmed and fed.

Timmy Ryan," said Nervy, "them books sold all right, but they didn't leave the right money, so it had to be changed. Next time they have an age sale we'll begin early an' we'll git a lot of money."

The Bishop took Miss Anderson home with him in his carriage, and it is rumored that at Easter she will have a carriage of her own, but that the initial on it instead of being the first letter of the alphabet, will be the second. At least, that is what Herbert Bradley has confided to his best friend, who has undertaken to fill the office of best man. (The Home Magazine.)

FROM THE ANTILLES.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy Benefits a City Councilman at Kingston, Jamaica.

Mr. W. O'Reilly Fogarty, who is a member of the City Council at Kingston, Jamaica, West Indies, writes as follows: "One bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy had good effect on a cough that was giving me trouble and I think I should have been more quickly relieved if I had continued the remedy. That it was beneficial and quick in relieving me there is no doubt and it is my intention to obtain another bottle." For sale by Frank Hart, and leading druggists.

MORE TESTIMONY.

SAN ANTONIA, Tex., Jan. 3.—Milton G. Purdy, assistant to the Attorney General of the United States began taking testimony here yesterday in connection with the Brownsville riot by soldiers of the Twenty-fifth Infantry last August. E. M. Olin and wife, occupants of the hotel at the time of the riot and two military hospital corps men were examined. Lem E. Reeves, one of the soldiers of the Twenty-fifth Infantry who was discharged without honor, is here, and will be the next witness today.

CARRIE NATION

certainly smashed a hole in the bar-room of Kansas, but Ballard's Horehound Syrup has smashed all records as a cure for coughs, Bronchitis, Influenza and all Pulmonary diseases. T. C. H., Horton, Kansas, writes: "I have never found a medicine that would cure a cough so quickly as Ballard's Horehound Syrup. I have used it for years." Hart's drug store.

SUNDAY TRAVEL TO PORTLAND

Increases and \$2.50 Round Trip Rate via A. & C. R. R. is Popular.

Travel from this city to Portland on Sunday at the low round trip rate of \$2.50 is on the increase and many enjoy that day in the metropolis each week. This rate will be continued throughout the winter and the volume of travel toward Portland every Sunday would indicate that the public appreciates it. 11-4-1f

Reconstructs your whole body, makes rich, red blood. Drives out impurities that have collected during the winter. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea is a family tonic, 25 cents, Tea or Tablets. For sale by Frank Hart.

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WANTED—A SEAMSTRESS FOR plain and fancy sewing, also dress-making.

LITTLE Sister Wilkerson Was handy with the needle. Tucks and darts and hems and gores. She certainly could wheedle.

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All the sisters of her church Exchanged surprise and wonder. As to how she'd got along. She got along—by thunder!

Went to live in Want-Adville, Where seamstresses were wanted. Never once by poverty Was Little Sister haunted. MORAL. Advertise in The Morning Astorian.

News from Want-Adville

HELP WANTED.

AGENTS—CANVASSERS, MIXERS, peddlers, solicitors, mail order people, etc., should buy KRAMER'S BOOK OF TRADE SECRETS. Regular price \$5, but bal. of last edition for \$1.25 as long as they last. Guaranteed weekly. Choice of territory. Address, Washington Nursery Company, Toppenish, Washington. 9-25-1f

WANTED—SALESMEN, MANY MAKE \$100 to \$150 per month. Some even more. Stock clean; grown on Reservation, far from old orchards. Cash advanced weekly. Choice of territory. Address, Washington Nursery Company, Toppenish, Washington. 9-25-1f

WANTED—GENTLEMAN OR LADY to travel for mercantile house of large capital. Territory at home or abroad to suit. If desirable the home may be used as headquarters. Weekly salary of \$1,000 per year and expenses. Address Jos. A. Alexander, Astoria, Ore. 1-1-3f

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FOR RENT—FIVE-ROOM FLAT. Inquire at C. M. Cuthbert's, cor. Commercial and 9th streets. 12-8-1f

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MILK COW FOR SALE—INQUIRE 294 38th St. 12-30-7f

WHALE AMBER, MADE IN NORWAY, guaranteed finest shoe dressing out. Your dealer handles it. Alfred Andersen & Co., Minneapolis, Minn. 12-18-1f

MISCELLANEOUS.

\$25.00 REWARD—I HEREBY OFFER a reward of \$25.00 for the recovery of the body of my brother, Geo. Klein, who was drowned at Blind Slough, on Thursday, December 27. Communicate at once with Peter Klein, Knappa, Ore.

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NOTICE.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Astoria Iron Works will be held at their office on January 10, 1907, at 3 p. m., for the purpose of electing directors for the ensuing year and the transaction of such other business as may properly come before the meeting. By order of the board of directors. JOHN FOX, Attorney. F. L. BISHOP, President. Astoria, Oregon, Dec. 20, 1906.

The Price of Peace.

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URINOL. MEN AND WOMEN. Use Urinol for unnatural discharges, inflammation, irritations or ulcerations of mucous membranes. Painful, and not irritating to the system. Sold by druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for \$1.00. Urinol is a pure vegetable product and is guaranteed to relieve and cure.

NOTICE.

There is money in the general fund to pay warrants indorsed prior to December 1, 1905. Interest will cease after this date. THOMAS DEALLEY, City Treasurer. Astoria, Ore., Dec. 20, 1906.

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